

ON
PAPER "FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

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THE CARMELITE

VOL. IV CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1932 NO. 47

In the glad Springtime, when the crocuses are out, you will find American wages as low as possible, without revolution.

In the Philippines, politics instead of economics have ruled thirty years; as in America, politics and graft have been bought by High Finance. In both countries poverty is striking; statesmen are cynical go-getters.

The great Schumann-Heink is playing *Katisha* in "The Mikado." Comedy has been her natural role, though life has brought her tragedy. Still, at seventy, just to be singing in public is a bit of heaven for a singer.

Among the unemployed in England, the question is: Who dole that dirty Tory deal?

I pay ten cents each for a safety razor blade, (the best on the market, but getting worse steadily) which costs to make, a half cent. The rest is ballyhoo. Who wants more ballyhoo-verism? All in favor, solemnly raise your overweight abdomens, and say: "That's the stuff. It paid us!"

Coal—soft coal, at least—will be made a public utility, or taken over by Uncle Sam. If the latter, most of it will be burned at the pit head to make electricity, the only economic use.

The King of England will ask a quarter million less allowance from the realm. A king these times is lucky to reign. Alfonso knows now what a silly ass he was to kid the people, and to rely on the *padres* to make him safe.

We are a foolish old generation. Many a man has two extra tires who has not an extra set of uppers.

Dry Chief Poppycock says there are forty millions booze hounds in America. That's only one in three. I never met the other two.

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A SAN FRANCISCO DAY ORRICK JOHNS BEING A MILD HEADING FOR A STORY NOT SO MILD

Do Carmel people like to face facts? Well, the fact is that the revolutionary movement in America is growing rapidly. It has grown before and been quashed. This time it has certain powerful advantages it never had before. I was one of the crowd that watched the "hunger march" arrive at the Civic Center in San Francisco last week. A fine, slightly hazy, mild day. Approaching the center you saw people gathering. Along the grass slopes of the Library hundreds of them sprawling. Along the coping and the sidewalk still more hundreds. That City Hall dome is half as high and more effective than St. Peter's. Up there is a much bigger crowd. Five sculptured figures on the end of the library seem to be leaning and listening. Circular fountains play, oh, so romantically, so lyrically.

The pigeons are out in numbers. Extra food for them from the unemployed. A few gulls wheeling around. The crowd is quiet, peaceful lazy, or apathetic? Family groups, and a type I never saw before in an unemployed mob. That is, the solid, strong middle-aged man, who is usually running a small business. From eleven-thirty to three they will stay there, all idle.

The show is to take place over by the Federal building and in front of it the crowd is massed thickest. A wheel of five loud-speakers, looking like the big metal moon-flowers on one stem, sits below the steps. A drooping flag stands at one shoulder of the mike-booth. A mounted man in khaki keeps the street clear for cars and importancies. He is the focus of all eyes, but conceals his self-consciousness with a poker face, leans and talks to forget the attention. The governor comes out in black, with a flat black derby, a white flower in his lapel, another white flower in the pink circle of his face. There has been no cheering, no loud talk, patient quite

and good nature. A young fellow in a sweater holds his child up and laughs. Freckled small wife hangs on to his arm. The governor is looking at his watch, doesn't smile, is understandably bored. Now there is a cheer, far off at the entrance to the center. It is the first and last cheer that amounts to anything.

The marchers turn the corner, herded by mounted police. Men and boys and girls, everyone of them with a banner. Too many slogans, you can't read them all. Fewer and simpler would have been better. They come along chanting. Chant leaders walk along outside of the lines. "We want free rent." "We want unemployment insurance." "We want free milk." "We want Tom Mooney out." They are of all colors. One chant-leader was a negro, others were yellows of the Pacific, of the southwest.

The governor comes down to the mike. The marchers go by, disappear, scatter on the grass behind the crowd. They leave a group of leaders. "Bla-a-at, bla-a-at" goes the loud speaker. The governor is talking. The leaders yell something and go away. The governor is shocked. "They won't listen to me." He goes on talking, the loud-speakers rasp the air. There's nothing really to stay for any more.

This is not at all like the first radical riot I saw in 1914, in Union Square, N. Y. There was violence. Heads were busted, people were ridden down, girls arrested, and Frank Tannebaum became immortal for taking his unemployed into churches to keep warm. Where is he now? Here even the cops said, "On the curb, gentlemen, please."

I suppose this "hunger march" seemed a joke to the politicians. It was so quiet well-behaved. That crowd, waiting to see, which the papers said numbered

Continued on page three

Carmel News

EMPLOYMENT BENEFIT SHOW A HUGE SUCCESS

"Carmel Benefit Night" netted two evenings of first-rate entertainment—and over eight hundred dollars to the Carmel Employment Fund. Sunset School Auditorium was filled to utmost capacity last Friday night for the affair; a second performance Saturday evening took care of the overflow.

Mr. H. F. Dickinson, treasurer, today handed over a check to the Employment Commission, by far the largest donation yet received.

The program is here reviewed, necessarily with brevity:

FOSTER GLEE CLUB—

—in their usual excellent teamwork. Favorite songs as indicated by audience applause were: "Old Man Noah" and "Jerusalem Morning."

BETTY RAE SUTTON—

—a youthful dancer in a Grecian study, which showed fine perception and considerable promise.

"THE CROSSING"—

—excellent natural acting in a play that could have been better written. James Kent as the preacher could easily, with a little coaching give a fine portrayal of "The Emperor Jones." Sara Mosely as the widow Simmons had fine restraint in her grief. The whole cast gave a remarkable performance. Carmel could go further afield to get a company of colored actors but would not find more able performers.

ODD-TIME JOBS HELP SOLVE THE EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

Carmel Employment Commission,
C/o Dr. Amelia Gates, Carmel.

I could use the services of a man
on _____ woman

(DATE)

for the following work:

- ___ Gardening
- ___ Carpentry repair work
- ___ Clearing grounds
- ___ Burning brush
- ___ House-cleaning
- ___ Window-cleaning
- ___ Care of children

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"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES"—

—Edward Kuster and Company in Barrie's most cryptic unfinished play. Fine cooperation in movement and conversational continuity. Several favorites in Playhouse repertory of the past season and some newcomers to the Carmel stage, all acting at their best.

TIP-TOP DANCERS—

—The much younger generation at their tip-toppiest. Good movement throughout; well-paced rhythm.

MOORISH DANCE—

—Willette Allen in a colorful fantasy of her own creation. Grace, beauty, artistry and form.

"FOOD"—

—The piece de resistance of the whole evening. Helen Ware proves that fine acting can be given even to an egg. Frederic Burt as director and leading man excelled in his work. Howard Brooks as a lover brings something new to his reputation.

AMERICAN LEGION DRUM CORPS—

—Opening the whole entertainment with a blare of drum rolls which started the evening off with a bang.

FRANK SHERIDAN, Auctioneer—

—Great work with the hammer auctioning off local cup cakes. Frank will probably take up this profession to cheer his and other's declining years.

DANCING—

—Much enjoyment on the stage at the taxi-dance after the performance. Morris Dooley's orchestra in their best syncopating manner, furnished the finest dance music heard in Carmel for many a day.

The committee in charge has issued the following statement for publication:

"The 'Carmel Benefit Night' committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who assisted in making a financial success of the project.

"A splendid spirit of co-operation was shown throughout the entire community. It has been found impossible to write a personal letter of thanks to all those whose generous co-operation resulted in keeping the expense of the Benefit down to a minimum amount, and thereby enabling the Committee to turn over such a splendid amount to the Employment Commission."

Serving on the committee were Lita Bathen, chairman; H. F. Dickinson, treasurer, Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, Edward Kuster, Charles Van Riper, Mrs. Frank Sheridan, Mrs. John Crichton, Mrs. Marie Gordon, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, and Hazel Watrous.

THE CARMELITE: JANUARY 21, 1932

The Commission's thanks:

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Kindly allow me through your paper in the name of the Carmel Employment Commission to express our sincere appreciation to Mrs. John Bathen and her committee of co-workers for the very gratifying entertainment given in the interest of the employment fund on Friday and Saturday evenings last.

"Carmel Benefit Night" has gone down into Carmel history. This charming entertainment will always be remembered as one of the most successful ever given in our city. It presented what has been recognized as an unusually attractive program, skillfully planned and ably performed.

In this brief note of appreciation I should like to include those newspapers, especially the "Peninsula Herald," the "Pine Cone," and The Carmelite, which gave such effective support to the valiant undertaking throughout the entire period of its preparation.

We are most grateful to all who took part in the program; to those who helped in many little ways, and big ways; all gladly and freely placing their talents, their time and their energies at the disposal of the committee in charge. We are grateful to the great audience which from all parts of the Peninsula packed the new auditorium of Sunset School to its utmost capacity. The inspiring climax on Friday night was in a small degree due to the evident desire of the people magnified on every hand to do all they could to help.

It has all been one of the clearest demonstrations possible of the spirit of our people: the unfailing willingness to co-operate in a worthy cause; the quick understanding, the ready sympathy for those in need; the veiled but eager purpose to share some of the burden.

Respectfully,

Carmel Employment Commission,
A. B. Chinn, Chairman.

"COURT OF HONOR"

Peninsula Boy Scouts will hold a "Court of Honor" in Sunset School auditorium tomorrow, (Friday) evening, at eight o'clock. Troups from Monterey, Pacific Grove, Seaside and Carmel will participate.

Mr. L. H. Quinley and Dr. McKinley, Scout field executives from San Jose will give short talks. Mr. Frank Veatch, chairman of the Carmel Scout committee, will discuss the plans of the local troop. Following the program in the auditorium Open House will be held in the new Scout House at Eighth and Mission. Refreshments will be served. All interested are invited.

ORRICK JOHNS—*from page one*

six thousand (if I know football crowds it was four times that) was silent. Its silence was more ominous, I think, than the violence of the crowd in 1914. Every man and woman here represents a small universe of feeling of contacts, of potentiality.

The danger of a hunger demonstration is that it is a symbol, the danger of a symbol is that it causes thought, the danger of thought is—Russia today is the product of letters written in milk in prison by a political criminal of an older day called Ulianov, nicknamed Lenin. In milk for babies, in silent invisible milk. Look out for milk-writers, for things that happen in silence. The papers don't tell you what they well know, namely that Japan is in Manchuria because all the powers *want* her there, we included, a steel wall against Asiatic Russia. The League of Nations is a poker face, a game within a game. The papers don't tell you that the more you reduce German reparations and the more you lend Germany, the lower go the wages of German masses. Cut to one half since 1928.

There are papers that do tell these things to the people that read them. They might be printed in milk for all we know of them.

I am not a Communist. Like some small Gulliver, I am bound by the lilliputian silken silver threads of a bourgeois stock, upbringing, hopes, ideals, careerism. But I admire the political thinking of the Communists. They are the only political thinkers who think straight. Thinking straight can be applied to anything. It can be applied to Eugene O'Neill or Harlan, Kentucky. If it were applied to Carmel, there wouldn't be much left of us but a smile and a whisper.

But when others apply straight-thinking to you, it is a strong position to know just why.

Before the War there was a revolutionary movement in this country. It grew to astonishing proportions, the left wings of the Wobblies and militant unions, the right wing of the academic socialists. The socialists polled votes in the million. The Wobblies won strikes and juries. Then the diluvian war came along and drowned it all. A Noah's handful of real revolutionists survived. Their nursing home was the Federal penitentiary. From about 1910 to 1916 I knew many of the leaders of this movement. I heard their reports, listened to them talk until late at night. Where are they now? One of them, John Reed, may some day be a national

hero, comparable to Washington and Lincoln. He would hate that! But the changes that come with times are strange and wonderful.

Well, this dead revolutionary movement has come to life. It is growing again. One of its growing pains was the hunger march, but let us not measure its growth by that pathetic-heroic symptom. The real growth is not generally heard from. It is nourished by official apathy, official folly, official dreaming. Without these it would grow just the same. The great difference between this movement and the other one is that this one is permanent. No war will quench it. On the contrary. And it has a success before its eyes. It has Russia for a base of operations, Russia for a promise, Russia for assistance, stimulation, printing and circulation, Russia for a technological training school. There's a small army of Americans in that school already. At the Filmarte in San Francisco you can see Russia this week, see it perfectly in a panoramic film called "The Five Year Plan." No plot, just Russia.

Here in Carmel, you say, we have Art. Yes. As I was leaving the civic center two of those dark gray pigeons rose from the ground. They rose together almost touching. They went in spiral

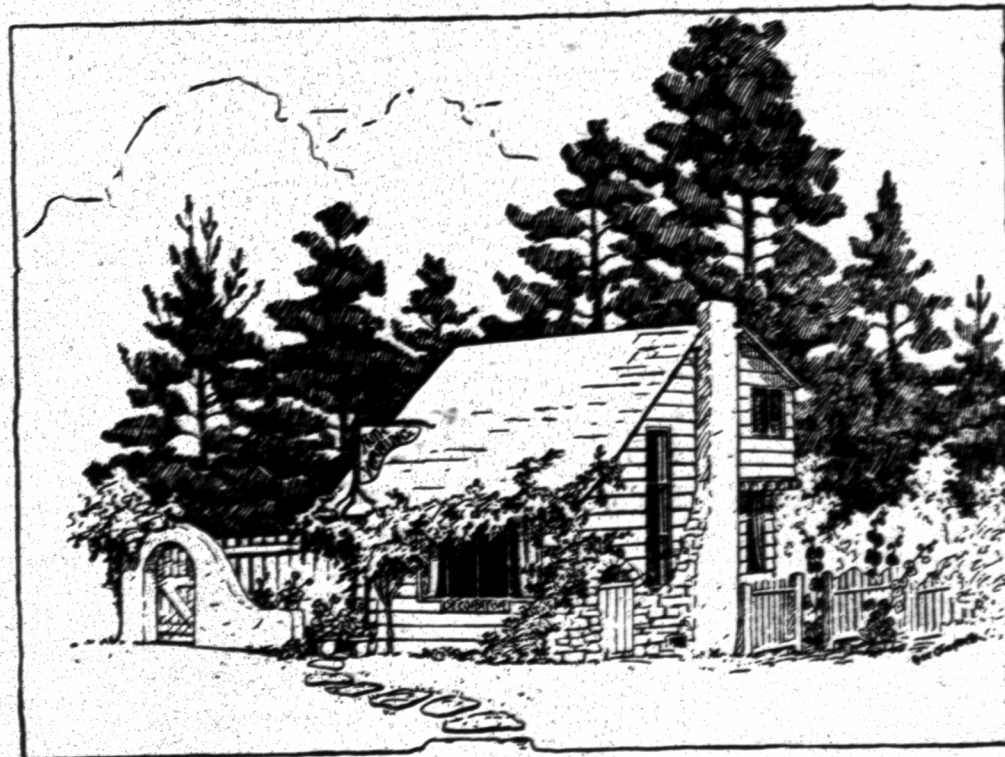
flights almost as one body. They came to earth again without separating. I said to myself: "Paolo and Francesca—*Come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona.*" It was indescribably beautiful. But it was a good symbol of our arts. It had as much to do with that crowd and that day, as art has to do with what's going on.

Art is performed of, by and for a dodo called the Individual. The Individual is gone, extinct, consigned to oblivion until the next great change is over.

The New Republic is issuing this week a supplement in which it brings together the liberal schemes for rehabilitating society within its present frame. It might be called a Book of Family Remedies for the Incurably Sick. It is too late for official folly to turn into official wisdom. Marx called these folks "economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working class, organizers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole-and-corner reformers—bourgeois who wish to remain bourgeois for the benefit of the working-class."

That was written in 1847, and the wheel slowly comes around until it applies in 1932.

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COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S LECTURE

Much interest has been aroused on the Peninsula in anticipation of the visit and lecture of the Countess Alexandra Leovna Tolstoy, youngest daughter of Count Tolstoy.

The Countess Tolstoy will stay for the week-end in Carmel at the Highland's Studio as guest of Mrs. Millicent Ettlinger. She will be the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Alliance Française for members and their guests at Hotel La Ribera, tomorrow. Several Carmel Russians acquainted either with her or members of her family in Russia are also planning to entertain her.

She is to lecture at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Friday night on the general subject of Russia. Closely associated with her famous father until the time of his death she will have much of interest to report concerning the old Russia during the revolutionary period. Vasia Anikeef, who met the Countess Tolstoy in San Francisco at the home of his accompanist, Miss Wilson, says of her: "She is one of the most charming people I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In appearance she resembles her father; tall, broad-shouldered, a fair Russian type with keen whimsical eyes and a musical voice. She is a woman in the prime of life, full of joy with intelligence and humor. With all she is a human being of simplicity, she cares nothing for her title and shows no effects of the hardships which she has suffered; she has an indomitable spirit."

RECITAL

Five students of Vasia Anikeef will give an invitational musicale on Sunday evening in the home of Mr. Leo Ross, El Camino Real and Santa Lucia. Students appearing in this recital will be Mrs. Leo Ross, Anna Marie Baer, Kathleen Murphy, Mrs. Peter Hay and Peggy Cooper.

THE CARMELITE: JANUARY 21, 1932

THREE CONCERTS REMAINING IN MUSIC SOCIETY SEASON

Had the directors of the Carmel Music Society foreseen the necessity of an unemployment benefit show when they were arranging bookings last year they could not have scheduled their season to better advantage for the community as a whole. No counter-attraction immediately preceded the benefit show and now two weeks are to intervene before the resumption of the Society's concert series. Carmel should then be ready for music.

The Music Society resumes its series on Monday evening, February eighth, when it presents the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet, with E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, as guest artist.

Following the Neah-Kah-Nie recital comes Myra Hess, considered the foremost woman pianist on the concert stage today. She plays in Carmel on the evening of March twenty-second.

The season will be brought to a close by one of the most ambitious programs yet presented by the Music Society: Kreutzberg, famed continental dancer, and his company. The date of their Carmel appearance is April fifth in Sunset School Auditorium.

AT PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

Gloria Stuart is in Pasadena this week playing in "The Sea Gull" at the Gilmore Brown's Play-Box, the miniature edition of the Pasadena Community Theatre. She has the role of Masha which she portrayed at the Studio Theatre when Tcheckov's play was produced by Morris Ankrum in 1930.

In the Pasadena Playhouse proper, "Once in a Lifetime" is being given with a cast of fifty players. This play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, was read by Edward Kuster in the Studio Theatre Greenroom last Fall.

AND STILL MORE PRAISE

William Soskin, writing in the New York "Evening Post" on "Biography of the Year," has this to say of a book closely identified with Carmel:

"If award for biographical writing is to be made I choose the kindly head of Lincoln Steffens for the wreath, for his autobiography seems to me the richest document America produced during the year. A completely frank and fresh story of a journalist and a publicist whose life included some of the most dynamic elements in American life during the last thirty years the Steffens work seems to me an exquisite blending of the biographer's art and the sociologist's insight."

The Miscreants

—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicle by FRANK SHERIDAN

"I see that civilization is going to smash in Europe again—that makes it three times in ten years," said The Author, throwing down the weekly magazine he had been reading.

"Three and out, I say," murmured The Idler. "If they want to go blooey let them. I'm sick of hearing that Germany's on the verge of Bolshevism; that England is threatened with a bloody and merciless revolution; that Russia is ready to send an army of a hundred million men to make the rest of Europe Soviet slaves. All of this fills the papers when one of those governments over there wants to borrow money from that sweet old sucker Uncle Sam, who, in the parlance of the circus grifter, is the world's greatest 'come on.'"

"Then there's France, who will forgive Germany and the 'Reparations' if we will say it was all a bookkeeping mistake and France doesn't owe us a cent for the bill of goods we shipped her after her dirty old war was over. If they want to wreck civilization let them go ahead and wreck it. We won't know the difference in Carmel. I don't think their civilization over there is worth saving anyway—the revues last year in London and Paris were rotten."

"Funny isn't it how anticipation is more fearsome than the reality," observed The Captain. "Troubles are like a hill that looks very steep from a distance—but they both flatten out as we get near them. There won't be much destruction of civilization by the crew over there. It's all just a lot of frowzy propaganda the factory bosses who are in charge of the different governmental machines are throwing out to cover up their many mistakes. Yes, they are wonderful statesmen—let their publicity departments tell it."

"Propaganda is a powerful force when properly applied," remarked The Judge, as he set down tray and glasses. "I have seen fortunes made from colored water with a pinch of quinine in it, sold for a cure for everything that flesh is heir to, all through effective propaganda; and we Americans are most susceptible to this sort of thing—we are too prone to believe everything we hear or read, and we therefore are like Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog'—who had his belly filled with bird-shot and couldn't jump at all—he was crushed to the

earth by the things he had swallowed."

"Yes, I've known of Presidents who were elected to live in the White House through the guff handed out to the voters about their greatness and infinite capacity, when they hardly had enough ability to be a gang boss on a railroad," The Author broke in with.

"I think we all remember the stories we read prior to our entrance into the war; about the terrible uncivilized deeds committed by the German submarine crews," The Captain said.

"Down in Los Angeles in April 1923, Admiral Sims, who commanded our naval forces on the other side, at a public banquet, tore the mask off that bogeyman and said that there was not one barbaric act, nor one deed in contravention of the international code of warfare committed by the German submarines during the war. There's something for you to take home and sleep with."

The Author gave a snort of disgust and in his nastiest tone exclaimed, "If you want to learn some startling facts

Continued on page nine

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THE CARMELITE

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FREDERICK O'BRIEN

—from page one

Wages are going down, down, down. Where will gadget money come from? The gadget mines will close. The luxury period is past for a while. All the world is a whole; and just now an empty hole.

Europe is petering out; is slowly ending an historic era. To revive it will have to become a federation, disarm, become more agricultural and less industrial, and abandon totally, monarchy, dictatorship, state church, chauvinism. Russia may be far ahead of Europe in ten years; not in culture, monuments or genius, but in being set on a path leading towards a modern state.

Arthur Brisbane, multi-millionaire, owner of the Ritz Tower in New York, and much property throughout America, regrets years of worry about possessions. He is sixty-seven. Well, thank the depression, we don't have to worry any more. The tax and mortgage fellows have done their worst.

A new Washington drycop squad are named, "The Untouchables," meaning that they won't be bribed. Onion juice! No men become drycops, detectives, except for gain. The business is dirty; the only reward, money and free booze.

Were you ever in bed, lights out, just about to fall into sleep, when a queer noise startled you, and you found you had forgotten to turn off the damradio?

A single adverse paragraph in a paper stings Hoover into a fit of fury. His long job of mining with Asiatic labor, and his easy purchase of mining journals praise in his years of boosting mining properties, made him intolerant of opposition, caused him to believe all people, parties, movements, were amenable to coin. He's nearly right, but, in Washington, he deals with the reporters,

not the owners, or business managers, who sell space, and influence.

If winter comes, bleak and killing, crime in America will increase horribly. Young Americans will not submit to hunger tamely. Rich furcoats, jewelry, will be hidden, not worn. Banks will be forts.

On Ford's new farm, canteloupes will yield alcohol (for auto paint), golden rod for rubber. Lovely Lizzie will be grown mostly in the fields.

Flying as a passenger becomes as bore-some as any transportation. Speed in America is the only compensation for inability to move about as in a motor or train. In Europe, excellent plane buffets serve drinks. Champagne on high raises the spirits.

At the latest hotels, if you want a meal or set-ups, you drop a written card in a slot, which rings a bell. Your ordered food or drink appears in a dumb waiter in the middle of the room table. When through a button pressure sends down the debris. It will fail like the servitor. Guests want a waiter or bellboy to boast before, to impress. To givers, tips are tokens of superiority.

Jesus was right. He knew how to pick them. When he wanted an honest, loyal, close to nature crew about him, he chose fishermen. He knew they did not lie, backbite or condemn nature. Only one in the bunch was yellow. Of course, about the lying. I except that yarn about the miraculous draft of fish, for that is merely the common talk of anglers. Anyhow, Jesus did not take up with money lenders, lawyers or scribes. One exception more: Peter did lie in the night-time, but he made his word good, after a rooster crowed thrice. The average politician or broker would be deaf to a barnyard in such a parley.

New York has one-seventh as many divorces as California, according to population. In Nevada were eight marriages for one in California. Cupid sold out to Mammon.

Of all sad sights, next to a walkathon, is a taxi dance. At ten cents a double contortion for a hundred feet, pallid redded blondes permit Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese,—and whites, to gyrate against them as they move tortuously on a dirty floor, to animal-like discords. How far from Greece!

"Very little for me," he says, as I offer him the bottle. That means he will empty it.

THE CARMELITE: JANUARY 21, 1932

It is my practice not to ride in motor cars with drivers whom I know to have drunk alcoholic stimulants. So, I never offer a drink to friends who call on me, driving their own cars. I have saved many lives. There should be a law requiring all chauffeurs to be constitutional dries; to forbid all drinkers to drive. More than thirty thousand people were killed, a million hurt, last year, by auto accidents. In many, liquor was the primary cause. Liquor is best for murder. A friend of mine, an Englishman, wounded twice and gassed in the recent Christian endeavor to persuade God, Gott and Dieu to be a matimal, told me his men never went over the top sober. The men were given plenty of rum to make blood seem pink, not red.

"The Roan Stallion," Jeffers magnificent poem, has been the source of much mistaken animal ecstasy on the part of non-poetical women. I have heard them discussing it in hushed voices. Of course, Jeffers did not mean what those skimming readers think. Read the poem again! I read it aloud yesterday. Anyhow, nature is a good guide even to poetry.

Suicides doubling and tripling, yearly, in America, are signs of Americans' lament for the loss of union with the group, their bewilderment at separation from one another, by the increasing centrifugal force of our urban civilization, our lonely pleasures. We sit still, speechless, in picture shows; we drink alone or, in small groups, or, in the frantic air of speakeasies, where all is suspicion; we ride in motorcars communing with a machine, with traffic laws. Prohibition has had much to do with our wretchedness. With men there is no resort. Low spirits, loneliness, were assuaged in the cafe, the beer saloon, where, always, were companions, welcome, laughter. Now, foul liquor, foul women, brutal officials seeking bribes; secrecy, and despair.

Two of the most modern buildings in San Francisco are booze joints. In the new Delmonico of New York, three floors are padlocked for selling hooch. Senator Borah believes the ignoble expedient is succeeding.

A penitentiary prisoner at San Quentin has sold a non-pickable lock invention for a fortune. He would be more popular in his home if he invented a non-resistable key.

And now it is recalled that Shakespeare wrote "a tough world." The bard had a grasp on slang and reality.

John D. Barry's Tribute to Frederick O'Brien

(First published in the San Francisco "News.")

Frederick O'Brien had zest for life. His mind was inquiring, speculative, eager. He enjoyed people, nature, ideas. And himself he enjoyed, as a complex organism, subject to the multitude of forces at work in humankind. For him living was a feast.

It always seemed to me a pity he should have become a writer of books. His success with "White Shadows in the South Seas" had an upsetting effect on his temperament. Of course, it made him widely known. It gave him a conspicuous place in the world of letters. It won for him admirers and friends. But it imposed exactions that he found hard to bear. He couldn't inexorably walk into a cell day after day, year after year, and commune for hours with blank pages. As one of his friends said, "he didn't belong in a monastery." He realized himself in the great, teeming world where he could tell his fascinating stories and indulge in gay exchanges. He was a born story-teller. But a born story-writer he was not. And in spite of the two books he brought out later, "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," and "Atolls of the Sun," he never made himself a writer. He could do good work, to be sure. Some of his best writing he did in his last months, when he wasn't well. But he didn't love writing. He didn't get from it the joy of the artist in full swing. He was essentially a talker. He thrilled to the response of his listeners. As he went on repeating his stories he would make them finer, more gracefully rounded, richer in incident and color.

He was a bard born out of his time, a delicious, warm-hearted, glowing romancer with a humorous spirit that electrified the air. As a personality he had flavor.

But sitting down, keeping still for hours putting a tale into formal words, getting it just right, complete, polished, it was too forbidding a business for him, too lonesome.

He once told me about orders he had from magazine editors. At a time when he needed to replenish his finances they represented a fortune. But to get them executed meant slavery. And slavery he abhorred.

Perhaps the explanation was that he needed an engine behind him, a driving force such as he had known in his days of newspaper work when, feverishly, he would supply waiting presses.

During his last years he used to say he'd like to be a daily columnist. He would have made a good one, with that teeming mind of his, that inexhaustible store of impressions, that delicious capacity for unconventional, racy comment. For a long time he contributed a column to the weekly published in Carmel, *The Carmelite*. I used to read it with great relish. There he would express ideas that most editors would hardly have dared to print. Latitude he had to have. Always he justified himself by his originality and humor.

He had a trim figure, a smooth-shaven face with clearly defined features, laughing blue eyes, a well shaped head, and thick hair, turning white. Though he'd passed sixty, he gave the impression of youthful alertness. As he walked about he suggested an almost child-like pleasure in the world and in his neighbors. Wherever he appeared he made a hit. Naturally his popularity interfered with his work. Sometimes, in despair over his inability to get writing done, he would suddenly decide that if he went to a certain spot on the earth, usually reached by an ocean voyage, he could absorb himself in a task. So he'd have an excuse for roaming. On ship-board he'd be the center of interest, at the dining table, in the smoking room, on deck. When he reached his destination he'd find old friends eager to give him a welcome and to take up his time or he'd make new friends who'd claim him for a playmate. He was a glorious play-boy. And perhaps his enjoyment was enhanced by his feeling like a truant from school. But that feeling gave him many a bad quarter of an hour.

For a long time before his death he worked intermittently on his autobiography. He enjoyed talking about it more than he enjoyed getting it done. However, he actually published many bits of reminiscence that gave promise of a brilliant record. He had lived in

Subject to completion of publishing arrangements, *The Carmelite* proposes to sponsor issuance in book-form of a collection of Frederick O'Brien's paragraphs from "On Paper Wings," with royalties accruing to a memorial endowment for the leper colony at Molokai.

many parts of the United States, in Hawaii, the Philippines, the Orient, in Europe, Africa, the East and West Indies, in Central and South America. Enthusiastically he'd tell about his early adventures with Coxey's army and about his association with William Howard Taft when Taft was governor of the Philippines, and with Warren G. Harding when Harding was a small town editor and he was himself one of the staff.

He once spent some time in the Negro republic of Liberia. He had in mind writing about it some day in a book that should deal with all the efforts of present day Negroes to set up governments of their own.

Some months ago he started to do radio work. He captured a new audience with his stories.

When I think of him I can hear the laughter in his voice. But he had a deeply serious side, too, an appreciation of fine things, sympathy with intellectual movements, with science and with the spiritual forces manifested in careers of self-abnegation. One of his ambitions was to write the life of Father Damien, the heroic priest, who spent many years among the lepers of Molokai and died there a leper. He'd long been collecting material.

Future generations will delight in his tales of the South Seas. He made himself a part of their enchantment.

SNOW . . .

Now let your troubled heart be still; and lay
Your restlessness upon the peace of snow.
The many-colored hills that hymned the day
Have drunk a deeper wisdom than they know.
Give unto silence wholly all your fears. . .
The hand that spread this glory on the height
For all the stress and torture of the years
Has brought a clearer distance for your sight.

Snow has a word that reaches past the heart
Beyond the pulse and rhythm of the blood
To that still fountain, in and yet apart
From tides of life borne full upon the flood.
Ask of the snow its secret word of peace
And let your worry and your doubting cease.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

Forgotten Facts

Impressions of Post-War Europe
by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

POGROMS

On the way to Europe, on the Aquitania, were three gentlemen going somewhere to start a new country. Of these one was gay and debonair; the second was dour and fanatic; the third the wisest man I ever knew. So wise he would waste no time talking to anyone, especially myself. Later, in Paris, when he saw I was open-minded and humble, he gave me the most interesting two hours I have ever spent.

These three gentlemen had with them a new constitution that was far the best document I have ever considered—ininitely superior to our own—which Americans, mistakenly, consider the perfect document. In this they forget that nothing perfect yet has been conceived by the mind of man—this with possible exception of the multiplication table and the roulette wheel.

Among the topics that came up for consideration in an all-night session was the matter of pogroms.

The debonair diplomat and the dour fanatic were both for pogroms, in principle; as obviously was the wisest man

in the world though he did not express himself openly. he merely smiled.

The fanatical gentleman declared that their first act, on assuming power, must be to eradicate all people of Semitic birth, for the good of the country that they loved.

The debonair diplomat agreed that this course was essentially sound; protested against it on the ground that it was bad advertising. They expected to have extensive trade relations with America. America was densely ignorant in the practical things of life. America would set them down as cold-blooded and cruel, this notwithstanding the fact that America had eliminated, by pogroms, the American Indian; had, if it did not countenance, lynchings; had introduced the water cure into the Philippines; and had just finished a most earnest participation in the wholesale slaughter of the World War. America, he said, was sentimental, ignorant. Americans had neither wisdom nor sense. They never let their left hands know what their right hands were doing. So other means would have to be found.

Later, visiting him in the capitol of his country, I asked if these means had been found. They were simple. All residents of the country were supposed to have identification cards to enable them to rent homes; purchase at shops;

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ride on public conveyances; send their children to school. To all non-Semites, these cards were a gesture. To Semites the number issued was decreased twenty-five per cent each year. So at the end of four years, no Semite would be able to rent, buy, travel or send his children to school in the country.

This, he explained, was a dirty trick upon neighboring countries. But could not be helped because of the sentimental ignorance of America.

On both these occasions, being American and by way of being to a degree a sentimentalist myself, I was a bit shocked. But when, later, I encountered the Polish Jew on his native heath, the reason for pogroms became obvious and understandable.

Nor did I find an American official or resident who was not thoroughly in sympathy with pogroms.

The Polish Jew is the lowest order of human life that I have ever encountered. Foul, dirty, ignorant, acquisitive, unmoral, unscrupulous he is the closest thing to a rat in human form that I can conceive. He is parasitical and unproductive—does not one useful thing from the cradle to the grave, is a burden to the land in which he lives and a stench in the nostrils of all.

YET—such was the power of a certain group in the United States that these Polish Jews, with the aid of pressure brought apparently on our State Department and a revolving fund, these Jews in 1919 and 1920 were shipped into the United States by the tens of thousands.

No wonder we have slums which Central Europe, by and large, has not. We are finding out, in stress, what these slums give us.

CARMEL REPRESENTATION IN DECORATORS' INSTITUTE

Ruth Waring has become affiliated with the American Institute of Interior Decorators, with headquarters in Chicago, organized "in order that the interests of interior decoration could be advanced to the advantage of all those engaged in its practice, for the consideration of its problems; commercial, professional, educational, and economic, to the end of securing improved methods in the operation of business and more desirable results of efforts in behalf of the public."

With simple and practical Rules of Practice and Code of Ethics, this organization for the mutual benefit of client and artist seems to be a step forward in cooperation among the guild of this craft.

PRIMEVAL CALIFORNIA

I found a mountain pass which I thought led
To pristine precincts never frequented—
"Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,"
A wilderness so destitute of life
That one must needs be in a doleful mood
To tarry in this eerie solitude.

In that primeval area I trekked
Mile after mile, my steady stride unchecked,
Until I found, upon a low plateau,
An ancient and abandoned pueblo;
Abandoned, save for one old dusky man,
Undoubtedly the last buck of his clan.

As I approached the pueblo I thought
Of golden objects that the Aztecs wrought,
Of Cortes with conquistadores in quest
Of loot and Montezuma's treasure chest.
Influenced by my reveries I gave
The high sign to the withered Indian brave.

"Oh, noble chief," I said, "I would explore
These ruins for relics wrought of yellow ore."
And he replied, "These homesites are for sale.
Buy now, and when you sell you'll make much kale.
Convenient payments; one-fourth down, senior.
I am the local licensed realtor."

—TOM T. NESS

MISCREANTS

from page five

about the propaganda department of a government of the unbelievable stuff they fill the gullible with—meaning the population of any nation—you want to get Porter Emerson Browne started on the subject; during the war he was one of the chief writers of that kind of fiction for that smart young nation called the United States; you know the country that is filled with a people so clever that no one can fool them. Why some of the fairy tales put over by George Creel's bunch of Hans Andersens and taken as gospel truth by the people, puts our proletariat in grade one, kindergarten."

"Well, isn't the same thing going on every day by our political parties?" The Idler asked, "and aren't the people ready to take a swing at each other every four years? Look at the rot—absolute blither—that they ate up in 1928."

"And there's another campaign coming in a few months." The Captain sighed.

"Say that's a corking idea that Sam Blythe has in his latest 'Colonel Low-down' chatter in the 'Saturday Evening Post,'" The Author exclaimed.

"Sam has many 'corking ideas' tucked away in the Colonel's noodle," observed The Judge. "Which one do you refer to."

"Where he would have any candidate for President serve not less than six years in the House or Senate, to educate him in the intricacy of running a politically governed country."

"I agree with him that it would be a great help to the poor chap who happens to have been a business man all his life; an excellent idea, and one that is altogether too sane for the populace to adopt."

"But there's one item in the story that says Hoover isn't a politician. If you see Blythe ask him if he knows of a case in our history where a man became President of these United States who had never filled an elective office in City, County, State or Federal government before; in fact had not even voted in our blessed land until ten years before he was inaugurated. If that isn't the mark of a super-great politician, then I'm a sea-ear. And just to show the country what a lot of amateurs had been handling the Republican party, Herbert fixes it to grab off the nomination on the first ballot."

"Didn't Bill Donovan have a lot to do with that?" asked The Idler, "and you must say that Bill sits in row A, seat 1 among the political bunch."

"Yes Bill was of vast use to Herbert

in that event, and I never could understand why he wasn't made Attorney General in fact, as everyone thought he would be. After the election Bill seemed to fade away."

"If Bill was the boy who manipulated the whole affair, he sure did a finished piece of work," The Author chimed in. "And then Bill was finished," added The Captain.

"A great lad is 'Wild Bill,' as his men in the 165th of the Rainbow Division loved to call him, and a great Assistant Attorney-General of the United States was William J. Donovan." The Judge was looking at the flames playing around the logs—"I wonder why Bill didn't get into the Cabinet?" he mused.

"This is all very enlightening and no doubt instructive but as we decided on 'stud' this evening suppose we go to it," said The Idler, ruffling the cards.

"Stud-poker is magnificent training for a political career, and two of the best stud players I know of are the same Sam Blythe and the identical Bill Donovan we were discussing."

OBSERVATIONS

Contributed

Bewailing the fact that a falling tree during the recent storm had wrecked his house, a local resident ordererd the trees surrounding his residence chopped down. This provided considerable fuel. After the stumps were removed and the ground cleared, Mr. House-owner

planted the devastated area with trees. Oh, consistency, where is thy jewelry?

Opponents of the proposed street plan for Carmel are looking for two candidates to run for city trustee next April on a platform in opposition to the "cork-screw" and "closed street" idea. Line forms at the right.

Carmel's purpose to go ahead with a city park on Block 69, delayed though the project was, is a wise move, especially so by reason of the work it will provide for the deserving unemployed.

Franklin D. Roosevelt advises his plutocratic colleges to "stop abusing Hoover." Good advice—if the "outs" expect to replace the "ins."

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

WILL SACRIFICE—like new, gone only seven thousand miles, 1931 Ford two-door Sedan, call Carmel 895-J.

WANTED, EMPLOYMENT! Permanent, congenial work preferred by young woman who is capable of the following work: Typing, revising mss., good cooking, gardening, reading aloud, careful driving; amusing and caring for children, light practical nursing; or what have you? Phone mornings: 1056-W; 717 or 681-R, afternoons and evenings.



CLASSES IN—
 CREATIVE COMPOSITION—
 BLOCK PRINTING —
 POTTERY —
 DESIGN —
 CRAFTS —

TUITION — \$5 PER MONTH

A Californian View of Internationalism

Dr. Rexwald Brown, noted Santa Barbara surgeon, war veteran and exponent of world peace, was quoted at some length in the Santa Barbara "Daily News" of recent date, setting forth his views of the International situation in world politics and world peace; specifically in respect to the present Sino-Japanese dispute. This interview, regarding possible results of disarmament was well presented in a series of questions to which the noted peace exponent answered in detail. Dr. Brown was a close friend of the late Frederick O'Brien and entertained him many times in his home in Santa Barbara.. We quote part of the interview:

Social Behavior is—

"Actions of individuals in the mass in agreement with or in opposition to movements of thought."

Nationalism is—

"A form of opinion and behavior which magnifies the virtues resident within geographical boundary lines and minimizes or ignores defects of culture, activities, policies and procedures within the nation."

Internationalism is—

"A form of opinion and behavior which fosters goodwill between nations. Nationalism, which promotes the growth of virtues within a country, must underlie internationalism, just as a city, a county and a state are necessary components of the nation."

Militarism is—

"A point of view of individual and public opinion advocated primarily by politicians, diplomats and by army and navy, means that

- (1) War is inevitable, necessary and beneficial;
- (2) Preparedness for war is the best guarantee of peace;
- (3) The end justifies the means;
- (4) War often is a Christian duty;
- (5) That treaties of peace and national agreements of justice are futile unless backed by strong armies and navies."

Pacifism is—

"Individual and mass opinion that there is a better, more intelligent and saner method of relieving pressure and ironing out frictions and misunderstandings between nations than that of maiming and killing people."

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The New Program by which to arrive at national security is—

"The parts of the program are:

- (1) Building up the agencies of peace;
- (2) Strengthening the will to peace;
- (3) Transforming the doctrines of nationalism;
- (4) Abandoning imperialistic coercion;
- (5) Remedying international injustice;
- (6) Tearing down the war system."

The Present Japanese Chinese Dispute has not shown the futility of the League of Nations—

"Such contention is far from true. War has not been declared between the two nations, although desultory fighting continues. In this, the most severe test of the League's existence, it continues to operate its machinery of conciliation, arbitration and conference."

International Justice can be furthered by—

- "(1) By refusal to inflict a crushing award or tribute of lands or money upon the loser in international disputes."

Natural Gas cuts fuel costs

These homes formerly used gas for cooking and water heating and solid fuel for house heating. Then Natural Gas came. It was used for house heating and down went the total cost of fuel.

Many persons, discovering the cheapness of Natural Gas, heat their homes to a greater extent. In such cases, present fuel bills are about the same as when home-owners used gas for cooking and water heating and solid fuels for house heating.

But no matter how you look at the facts, Natural Gas is the cheapest fuel, to say nothing of its cleanliness and convenience.



1077 Harvard Road, Piedmont

Cost of gas for cooking and water heating and solid fuels for house heating:

Oct. 1929	\$ 3.42
Nov.	4.23
Dec.	3.96
Jan. 1930	4.50
Feb.	3.78
Mar.	4.68

Cost of gas \$24.57

Cost of solid fuels for house heating \$96.50

\$121.07

Cost of Natural Gas for all domestic uses:

Oct. 1930	\$ 2.90
Nov.	2.73
Dec.	12.13
Jan. 1931	19.33
Feb.	10.03
Mar.	8.75

\$55.87

Saving \$65.20

(2) Revision of immigration laws to prevent unfair discrimination against citizens of foreign nations;

(3) Increased desire to submit dissensions between nations to solution by pacific means."

World Disarmament does not imply the Sacrifice of United States Security—

"It would be national folly for the United States to undertake disarmament and expose herself to attack unless all nations jointly undertake the process of disarmament."

To Change the Opinions and Behavior efforts must be expended—

"On the leaders, for the common people understand more of and care more for altruistic idealism than do many of the leaders and will quickly respond to leadership toward permanent peace in a goodwill cooperative direction. The common people, who have always largely borne the burdens of war, with its deaths, crippling and economic despair, long for this intelligent leadership."

**DENNY
WATROUS**

GALLERY

OPPOSITE P. O. CARMEL

COUNTESS TOLSTOY
LECTURE: FRIDAY NIGHT at 8:30

NOBEL PRIZE SOUGHT FOR UPTON SINCLAIR

Once again a writer with former Carmel associations figures in connection with the Nobel Prize for literature. Sinclair Lewis, last year's winner, sold his first story while living in Carmel; now it is Upton Sinclair.

A collection of documents recommending Sinclair for the prize have recently been transmitted to the Swedish Academy. The original impulse to the recommendation of Sinclair came from a group of well-known professors and writers, including Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Edwin Markham and many others. The text of the recommendation sponsored by this committee was drafted by Prof. Leonard of the University of Wisconsin. It reads in part:

"The undersigned holders, or former holders of academic positions, join in recommending to the Swedish Academy of Letters the name of Upton Sinclair as candidate for the award of the Nobel Prize for literature. . . .

"The terms of the Nobel bequest provide that the award shall be made to one who has produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency. We consider his greatest novels, as an outstanding

achievement in the contemporary fiction of all lands, for their mastery of fact, for their social vision, for consistent, honest and courageous thinking, for humanitarian passion, for originality in the technique of presentation, and for vitality and sweep of creative art."

Signers included three former Nobel prizemen, Jacinto Benavente, Romain Rolland and George Bernard Shaw. The American signers comprise slightly more than one-half the total. Among the sponsors are representatives of practically every important cultural institution in the world, and constitute a very unusual tribute to a living writer. Upton Sinclair's books have been translated into thirty-five languages in more than six hundred separate editions.

Upton Sinclair lived in Carmel early in his writing career; now resides at Pasadena.

POLITICAL NOTES

Ed H. Tickle has announced his candidacy for the state senatorship from this district with immediate indications of strong support.

Dr. J. P. Sandholdt, mayor of Monterey, has indicated his intention of entering the race for county supervisor. Registration is proceeding in Carmel at the office of the Triangle Realty Co. on Dolores street.



327 W. Park Street, Stockton

Cost of gas for cooking and water heating and solid fuels for house heating:

Oct. 1929	\$ 2.78
Nov.	4.60
Dec.	2.99
Jan. 1930	4.27
Feb.	2.56

Cost of gas \$17.20
Cost of solid fuels for house heating \$95.00

\$112.20

Cost of Natural Gas for all domestic uses:

Oct. 1930	\$12.85
Nov.	17.01
Dec.	23.25
Jan. 1931	15.89
Feb.	10.69

\$79.69

Saving \$32.51

Heat your home with Natural Gas

See the modern
heating appliances at our office
or at your dealer's store

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CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION**A N N U A L****EXHIBITION****D E N N Y
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OPPOSITE P. O. CARMEL

JAN. 25TH

TO

FEB. 13TH**OPENING RECEPTION
SUNDAY, JANUARY 24****3 TO 5****TEA SERVED****PUBLIC INVITED**

THE CARMELITE: JANUARY 21, 1932

Carmel Is Different

Robbers! Robbers! Robbers! It was bruited abroad, it was whispered through the pine trees, it was shouted down Ocean Avenue that one Ernest Schweninger's house had been looted and all of Ernie's fine sartorial effects had been taken, including the several dozen neckties given to him by his many admirers at Yuletide. Tracking the supposed victim of this dastardly crime I traced him to Curtis' Candy Store. Breathless with excitement I enquired if he was even then concealed in one of the booths refreshing himself with an ice cream soda. The smiling attendant told me had just left. Jumping into my flivver I careened down Ocean Avenue and saw Ernie just about to disappear into the fastnesses of Paul Flanders' office.

"Hi there," I yelled hoarsely, "just a minute."

Ernie turned and looked at me in amazed surprise.

"What can I do for you?"

"Tell me all about the robbery," I gasped.

"What robbery?"

"Oh any robbery—" I started to say and remembered that it wasn't *any* robbery, it was a definite robbery. I glanced at Ernie out one corner of my eye. He seemed to be elegantly attired as usual, wearing what the young man about town will wear this year—"why, you were robbed weren't you? House broken into while you attended the benefit show and all that?"

"It musta been another guy," was the cryptic reply this outburst of mine evoked. Ernie was using a poker face.

"Maybe one of your neighbors?"

"Oh," he vouchsafed, in an off-hand manner, "I believe my brother, George Schweninger *was* robbed."

"And he lost—?"

"I can't say,—don't anything about it. You might ask him." Waving his arm vaguely in the direction of Carmel Valley, Salias, Nevada and Points east Ernie smiled and opening the door of the office he had been about to enter, disappeared from view.

* * *

Which is one way of chronicling the enforced passing of a colorful Carmel custom—the unlocked door. Burglaries are becoming so frequent (two last week) that locked doors and windows becomes the order of the day, or night. Suspicious characters are kept on the move by Chief of Police Englund, but it is obviously impossible to police an area as large as Carmel with three men if burglars put the town on their calling list.